

# "WHO GOT OUR FIVE DOLLARS?" WE ASK.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



"WHO got Miss Green's five dollars?" This question, according to last week's newspaper, forms the nucleus of a row now going on between the members of Hancock Post, G. A. R., and the Woman's Relief Corps.

It is also the basis of most of the discussions between men and women the world over. The merits of the case involving this particular five dollars, declared by its owner to have disappeared during a social function of the post, it would be neither fair nor profitable to go into. We know nothing about it, and therefore are thoroughly entitled to an opinion.

It is interesting, however, as one more demonstration of the fact that if a woman has five dollars or five millions, the loss of it is invariably set down by her to the deep and dark villainy of mankind. Let a man, after months of importunity, invest her money for her in stocks. So long as the ticker tells a cheerful tale he is the noblest of his sex, but the moment her margin is endangered he is transmuted into a designing villain, fattening on the property of the helpless widow and orphan. Saintly women to whose consciences the use of the paper and the baiting of mouse traps present grave possibilities of error do not hesitate to scatter broadcast accusations that Mr. Somebody has robbed them of five dollars or Mr. Somebody else has appropriated \$10,000 from the funds of the post.

Somebody, to be sure, it's true, but always, whether true or not, they say it and tell it.

One of the most deeply rooted convictions of the widely soul is that any money saved from the housekeeping allowance—the one factor in living where economy is worse than waste—is her exclusive property. She may love her husband devotedly, but let him become financially embarrassed and attempt to borrow any portion of the household funds to consult her lawyer as to whether or not her husband is trying to rob her.

But if we are like that, who can blame us? We have had real money of our own such a little while. We can nearly all remember when twenty-five cents made us feel richer than Rockefeller possibly can, and when we had infant salaries of twenty-five cents we were in possession of \$100, a small part of which we would invest in a daily store and live in splendor on the balance for the rest of our lives.

Our sense of values may have grown somewhat since then, but in our general way of money and ownership we are, for the most part, still children.

Who got our five dollars? Somebody must have it, since we haven't, and if he can be easily won to it, could anything be more clearly logical than this? We are bad losers, because therefore we have had so little opportunity of winning.

Patience dealt us a fearful hand in the beginning, and it is natural for us to assume that no more man is going to be kinder.

# BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

"WHAT kind of girl is most admired by the opposite sex?" asked one of my correspondents. "One who is demure, yet sympathetic, one who is full of spirit, yet who can be sober, but usually takes what comes with a smile, and one who is absolutely free from thought of anything but a good time with the person she is with." As I am of a changeable disposition, I thought I would like to become the type of girl you think would be most popular among the other sex.

Your changeable disposition is in your favor, for the man who is worth captivation likes you to be all these things—at different times—to fit his humor.

It is most attractive to men to have as many sides as a polygon, and she knows when to show the proper side. There are times when a man must be teased and flattered. There are other times when the same man should be consoled and argued with, where he will lose interest.

In a few words, keep him guessing and he is yours.

Of course, there are some men who like to find the girl they choose to admire always the same, but they are very few and rather colorless individuals.

Much has been said about the amount of talking done by the girls who desire to be loved. It is true that as a rule they talk too much. Find out a man's character and let him talk. Ask him questions that will lead him to do so. If a girl is tired, but if the man is tired and does not feel like talking he will not listen to her.

The great thing to remember is to make a little study of the man first, then to let him know what you want to do.

And it would break my heart to give him up.

LILLIAN.

Letters not addressed to you should not be opened by you, no matter what the provocation may be. He is evidently deceiving you, and I should try to forget him.

**Does He Love Her?**

Dear Betty:

I AM a girl of sixteen and I love a young fellow dearly. But I don't know if he loves me. When we meet on the street he tips his hat and smiles at me. How can I find out if he loves me?

S. T. B.

There is no way of finding out whether a man loves you or not until he tells you so himself. Try and be patient. And above all things don't let him think you are in love with him before he has committed himself in some way.

**He Has Grown Cold.**

Dear Betty:

I AM a girl of seventeen years, and love a young fellow of nineteen. His parents love me very much, and I have known him for many years. He loved me also, but he does not come to see me any more, and goes with other girls. Do you think I ought to break friendship altogether with him, or does he love me still?

E.

Give the young man a dose of his own medicine, and interest yourself in other young fellows. That will teach him a lesson.

**She Read His Letter.**

Dear Betty:

I AM eighteen years of age, and have been keeping company with a young man six years my senior for a year and a half, and we are now engaged to be married. I have found a letter addressed to another young lady for whom he has expressed his love, and also stating that there are good days coming and wanting to know whether any one has won her love. This letter I found in his coat pocket ready to mail. Kindly give me your advice. I love him dearly.

# THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



# Tabby Talks By Alice Roche



"MY dear, I was bringing these roses to you, love. I have so many flowers sent me from my gentlemen friends that I really haven't vases enough in the house. When these come to-day I just said to mother: 'There, now, I'll take these right over to Puss, for she never has any.' You know, dear, I always believe in remembering my less fortunate friends, and I simply give away oceans of flowers to the girls I feel sorry for."

"Why, darling, I just left the florist a few minutes ago, where you ordered those flowers sent to you. He offered me some of the same kind, but, do you know, I really can't bear to buy flowers when they are not fresh. One might just as well get them from the boys on the street."

"You really ought not to rob yourself, dearest, when you go to all the trouble to buy the left-overs. But I appreciate your buying them for me just the same."

"My! thought! Why, sweetheart, you do know such vulgar tricks."

"Not vulgar, dearest! I was only repeating what Mrs. Brown Jones said about you. She told me such an amusing story about your buying flowers and sending bouquets to yourself, isn't she delicious?"

"She said when you graduated from college you simply gave the florist an order to deliver you with flowers and told him that you could stand the bill."

"She is so amusing! You ought to hear her tell about your sending yourself a lovely set of Shakespeare, and how the book-seller made a mistake and he closed your own card you had left for some one else."

"Mrs. Brown Jones is a cat, my dear! She was glad enough to accept part of my flowers on graduation day, so she wouldn't look so forsaken before the other girls."

"If you don't want the flowers, dearest, though, I'll take them on to my mother. I was undecided at first whether one to take them to, but I thought you would need them worse. Good-by, sweetheart."

"Good-by, love."

# LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. THE FOOLISH LIFE. By R. W. Taylor.



# HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

**Pineapple Jelly.**

CHOOSE perfectly ripe pineapples, pare them and remove the eyes. Now grate the pineapples, and every cupful of the grated fruit add one cupful of a pound of white sugar, allowing them to stand together for three hours. Place on the stove in a preserving pan and let come slowly to a boil. Continue boiling very slowly until the fruit is quite soft, then pour into a jelly bag and have the syrup drain through without squeezing into an earthenware basin, leaving it in the bag until the syrup has all dripped out. To each cupful of syrup add a quarter of a pound of white sugar and boil slowly, skimming at frequent intervals. When it has been boiling for about a quarter of an hour place a small quantity of it in a saucer so cool. If it is stiff the jelly is done; if not, continue the boiling process for a time longer. When done let it cool until it is lukewarm and pour into glasses. Cover with rounds of paper dipped in brandy.

**Raspberry Syrup.**

PUT six ounces of raspberries into an earthenware pan, cover with four ounces of crushed loaf sugar, and allow to remain for ten or twelve hours. Pass the juice through a very fine sieve, measure it. To each break-

**Apple Sago Pudding.**

TWO tablespoons of sago soaked overnight in one cup water. Put on in double boiler till clear. Cut up four or as many apples as you think you require, put in pudding dish and sprinkle with sugar. Add sago and bake about half hour till apples are soft.

# THE SERMONS OF A SINNER.

By Roy L. McCardell.

TEXT—A Comforting Lie Is Better than an Unpalatable Truth.



NOTHING one of our ideals has been shattered, dearly beloved! The Wondrous has been fetched a jarring crack and golden Romance is down and out again!

The word goes forth that those in charge of the Martineque Relief Fund for the survivors of the eruption of Mont Pelee are considering returning the donations because there are no survivors.

No survivors! Think of that! They repudiate our dime museum friend, the famous "Prisoner of Martineque," the man who escaped because he was in jail—the only safe place!

They claim they have disproved his story. Whether they allege there was no jail, or he wasn't in it if there was, we have no means of knowing at this writing. But they are passing up cold the one hero we clung to. Worse than that, they are destroying our confidence in jails.

How well do we remember how we gloated over the stories of the "Prisoner of Martineque?"

Why, at this late hour, should the leucodasts who have destroyed our belief in the George Washington cherry tree story, who have scornfully disabused our minds of the William Tell apple, tear from us our faith in jails?

Destroy the romances of an old time; say the golden age is pinchbeck, cold Historian, if you will; but come not knocking at the door of To-day with harsh truth in your hands!

The story of the prisoner of Martineque who lived under ashes and fire in a safe, substantial jail endeared all jails to us and had us willing to enter into the joy of them every happy day that fate willed.

If this isn't true of what use is a jail? What charm about a dungeon if one is no safer in it than out?

Why would not the pitiless promoters of hard, cold facts leave us this one cherished illusion? Even if it wasn't true, why tell us? What is a few thousand dollars wrongfully bestowed compared to the comfort of the thought of a cozy jail as the one city of safety?

How we clung to that story! Even when the Sunday papers published pictures of the prisoner and the jail we doubted not.

The shackled prisoner in the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat wasn't there at all. Oh, the pity of it!

We do not care if we never go to jail now. Jail has no charms for us. Of what use is a jail if a man isn't safe in it from volcanoes and earthquakes, wives we have run away from, book agents, creditors or slight acquaintances with suspicious checks to cash?

These last advantages may endure, but if there was no poor black man, no lone saved prisoner of Martineque, we don't care if we never get in jail!

We have no trust in them. Our confidence is gone. It is all over. There was no prisoner, they say.

All right. Just for that we don't care what happens. Maybe there was no jail in Martineque.

We do not believe anything now. And what a pleasure it had been to us to think that if the worst came to the worst, if the 80-cent Gas bill was declared unconstitutional, if insurance men and beef eaters escaped punishment, if New Jersey blew up or Long Island erupted, we might still go to jail serene, safe and secure.

But we are revenged. We are writing about something that nine-tenths who read will say "What's he talking about? Who was the 'Prisoner of Martineque?'"

# BINKS, THE BELL BOY. By Mark Madigan.

"THE man that gets the 'somewhere' for the summer" bug has my sympathy!" said Binks the Bell Boy, this morning, as he held a pocket mirror up to nature and noted that mosquito bites were reducing in size.

"How about it?" asked Jerry the Elevator Boy.

"Haven't you heard about me?" asked Binks.

"What noise are they making about you?" asked Jerry.

"Why, I was the champion of the bunch of wealthy ones from Pontiac, Minn., who wanted a good boy to help guide 'em to their summer hotel down on the Jersey coast—I was it."

"I've been gone three days, and if I got another job like that I'll resign. Say, we got in a country where the news of the country beef discovery hasn't been heard of yet and we had canned hash for breakfast, dinner and supper."

"The mosquitoes were as big as flies and a moody calf they had tied to the front piazza of the luxurious summer hostelry! bit the baby in the neck!"

"The first day the old man wanted to go out on the golf links, and he found that the fence hadn't been taken down for the summer, so I had to carry a sledgehammer for him to get over the fence and he became as cross as a cat and wouldn't let me climb."

"A snake got into that golf bag, and when he got back to the house he crawled into the trunk with the oldest girl's peek-a-shoo waists in them, and when they got through poking socks to kill the snake they found they had spoiled \$500 worth of lace."

"They asked me to stay till they got back, but I said I couldn't. They said I came down to the station to see me off and the old man said he hoped I'd see him alive in September."

# HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

**Harmless Depilatory.**

IF you wish to bleach the hair and eventually destroy it apply to the hairy surface a concentrated solution of carbonate of ammonia. Allow the surface to dry, leaving a little of the carbonate of ammonia on the skin. Then moisten a piece of cotton with Hydrozone full strength and apply to the face. Hold on until it smokes severely, then remove, applying a little glycerine to the smarting surface. Keep this preparation away from the hair, as it will bleach it.

**Profuse Perspiration.**

MRS. G.—Bathing with hot water for five or ten minutes will arrest the flow of perspiration for a short time. You can use this remedy: Sublimate of blameth, 1-2 ounce; powdered oleate of lead zinc, 1-2 ounce. Dust over the skin.

**For Hangnails.**

DA B.—This ointment which I give you formula for is very good for hangnails. White vaseline, one ounce; powdered castile soap, 60 grains; oil of rose, enough to perfume. Mix thoroughly. The ointment should be applied at night and the hands covered with gloves.

**For the Scalp.**

MRS. E. M.—An electric brush which is connected with a battery is a stimulant to the circulation of the scalp, but hand massage by a competent operator is far better.

# May Manton's Daily Fashions.

